

## FLOOEY THE FAN

We Certainly Expect to See Him Lose His Job—Anon.

By Vio



## Inside the Ring

with the  
**Great Fighters**  
by **Charley White.**

**Choynski-McCoy Battle Fiercest Ever Seen in New York; Full of Suspicious Doings and Mix-Ups, Was Really on the Level, According to Famous Referee.**

### NO. 59—KID MCCOY.

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(The New York World).

**A**FTER McCoy's defeat of Peter Maher the Kid's friends began to boast him as the most prominent candidate in the field for the heavyweight championship. They advised him to settle definitely the question of his supremacy over Joe Choynski, and then go after Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Champion Jeffries. So a match with Joe Choynski was arranged to take place at the Broadway Athletic Club on the night of Jan. 15, 1909. The men were to fight twenty-five rounds for gate receipts. McCoy returned to Muldoon's place at White Plains to train for what proved to be the most talked of battle in his entire career, and second only in importance to his later fight with Jim Corbett. Although the mixup was entirely due to a misunderstanding, it aroused a storm of protest from the whole sporting community. Cries of "Fakel" and "Robbery" were bandied back and forth, and the fighting game was given a nasty blow. Nevertheless, the fight was not a fake, and no blame for the exciting events of that night can be laid on either McCoy, Choynski or the referee.

On the night of Jan. 15 the Broadway Athletic Club was jammed to the rafters. The men were too excited to admit of any great amount of betting, so the speculation amounted to very little. Choynski was the first to enter the ring. He was trained to the minute. McCoy sauntered in as nonchalant and debonair as ever. He treated Choynski much as a big boss would treat one of his poorest employees—with open condescension. The men came to the center of the ring



for instructions from the referee. Choynski stood an inch taller than McCoy, but his reach was several inches shorter. Choynski claimed to weigh 160 pounds, but looking like a 150-pounder, McCoy gave him weight as 160 pounds. When he stood beside Choynski, McCoy looked six or seven pounds the lighter. Choynski, who was nicknamed by Owen Ziegler, Dan Dougherty and Fred Haisman, was a blue-bearded giant with American colors around his waist. McCoy was attended by his brother Homer, Jimmy McForest and Frankie Hart. Johnny White, now an Alderman, was the referee, while Joe Dunn, the club's official timekeeper, held the watch.

**Both Cautious at Start.**  
The men started for a moment, each watching the other with a great deal of respect. Suddenly Choynski's left foot came out in a hook. McCoy stepped back with a sneering smile. He stepped in again and as Choynski was about to make another rush the Kid shot out his left foot. Apparently it only grazed Joe's eye and seemed to have no force behind it, but the skin beneath the eye immediately puffed up and became discolored. This first blow was McCoy's famous ear-awakening punch. Choynski leaped at McCoy, who clinched. The impact carried the men into McCoy's corner. As soon as the Kid came against the ropes he slipped out, while Choynski was carried to his knees by the force of his

rush. He rose and again rushed the Kid. The men clinched. McCoy broke and swung his right, which Choynski dodged. A second later McCoy reached Choynski's face with a left hook. This was the second blow struck. Again they clinched and in the breakaway McCoy tried two lefts for Joe's face, which the Californian ducked. Another clinch followed, which McCoy broke by shoving his open hand under Choynski's nose, while the crowd roared. When the round ended but two punishing blows had been struck on each side. It was a pretty exhibition and a foretaste of the hard fighting to come.

When the men came up for the second round Choynski missed a left and rushed to a clinch. Both men tried to land short jabs in the clinch, but each held the other safe. Suddenly Choynski abandoned all sparring, all science. He came at McCoy with arms swinging like flails. The Kid retreated into a corner. Out of the blue of Joe's flying fists came a blow that landed flush on McCoy's jaw and he went down. It was not Choynski's cleverness but McCoy's carelessness that was responsible for this knockdown, which, had everything gone straight, would have marked the beginning of the end of McCoy. And it came about this way, according to McCoy.

On the afternoon of the fight McCoy met Jerry Dunn at a Broadway cafe. In the course of the conversation Dunn expressed the hope that McCoy would whip Choynski, saying he would give the Kid a new hat if he won. That night Jerry Dunn sat right at the ringside by the corner into which the ducking, blocking Kid retreated when charged by Choynski in the second round. As McCoy came opposite Dunn, the latter called to him, "Don't forget you've got to win that hat, Kid," to which McCoy replied, "Don't you fret; I'll win the hat all right." In doing this he turned his head slightly in Dunn's direction, exposing one of the corners of his mouth, as he usually did. The incident was sufficient to distract his attention. Choynski saw the opportunity and shot out his fist just in time to catch McCoy on the jaw, knocking him flat on his back. He was almost out. McCoy was dazed. His brother Homer ran along the ropes trying to inspire him to get up. The whole house was on its feet yelling to Choynski to put the Kid out. At the count of nine McCoy staggered to his feet. Choynski jumped at him like a wild beast and swung a right, which again sent the Kid to the boards, this time in the middle of the ring. He again rose at the count of nine, but before he was getting stronger, Joe swung his terrible left again, splitting McCoy's nose and knocking him down for the third time. The Kid crawled to his feet again at the count of nine, and was one of the greatest exhibitions of gameness I have ever seen anywhere. Here is where Choynski made his big mistake. Instead of keeping his head and showing the ring generalship for which he was noted, instead of standing back and conserving his energy, he displayed it in useless frantic motions. He was like a maulman, and threw all caution to the winds. Right at this point occurred the mixup that was the cause of all the trouble. But before we go further a few words are necessary to explain why the misunderstanding arose.

It has always been the custom among reputable boxing clubs in America, with the exception of some of the California clubs, for the referee to do the counting when a contestant has been knocked down, and the timer's sole duty has been to announce by ringing the bell the beginning and end of each round. The Marquis of Queensberry rules say nothing about the counting, and it has been left to the individual clubs to make such arrangements as they see fit. But with the exception above noted the boxing clubs of America have always debated in the referee the duty of counting the ten seconds allowed a contestant who is knocked down. The time allowed for a knockout differs among referees. Some men count quickly, swinging their hand downward in short, quick strokes. Some take longer, raising the hand above the head and bringing it downward in long low sweeps. But no matter in what manner the referee counts, it is his duty, and his alone under this custom, to decide when the ten seconds shall have ended. This arrangement has long been in force in this club, the referee knew it and so did the timer.

The first blunder in the train of incidents that snatched victory from Choynski when it was apparently secure in his grasp was due to Choynski himself. A friend of Joe's named Charles Liebeskind asked Choynski to let him sit with the official timekeeper. There was no need for this, as the club always furnished that official, unless otherwise arranged, and there was no contrary arrangement in this case.

When McCoy went down for the third time, Referee White began to count. Some say that he stopped after having counted two and motioned Choynski to his corner, and then began to count all over again. In a very recent statement Referee White denies this. Timekeeper

Dunn sat at the side of the ring with his watch in his hand. Beside him sat Choynski's friend, Liebeskind. When this man's watch had recorded ten seconds from the time McCoy went to the floor for the third time, he said to Dunn: "He's been down ten seconds. Close your watch and ring the gong." Scarcely knowing what he was doing in the excitement and noise, Dunn did as he was bid, and rang the gong just as Referee White was counting nine and just as McCoy, groggy and covered with blood, was staggering to his feet. The referee stopped counting, Choynski's jumps in the ring and pulled Joe to his corner, and McCoy, now on his feet but nearly out, tottered to his corner, assisted by his seconds.

Feeling that the round had been rather short, White crossed over to the timer and said, "What did you ring that gong for?" That round seemed rather short. Dunn replied that it was rung to indicate that McCoy was out. "Who says he's out?" demanded White. "This man," replied Dunn, pointing to Liebeskind, "told me McCoy was down twelve seconds and to shut my watch and ring the gong." "Who's doing this?" demanded White, fiercely. "I had only counted nine when McCoy got up. I thought the round was over. I'm the only man here who has the right to say whether McCoy was out or not, and I say he was not out." By the time this wrangle was finished, White learned that forty seconds of time had remained in the round, but that it had now elapsed, so he said to Dunn, "Give them one minute rest and then begin the next round." This was White's mistake. He should have ordered the men to the center of the ring and made them fight the remaining forty seconds of the round. Had the men gone on fighting, it is probable that Choynski would have won the fight. Yells of "Time!" "Robbery!"

"Make them fight!" "Fakel" came from all over the building.

The one minute and forty seconds of rest proved the saving of McCoy. He rallied wonderfully. He came out of his corner much improved, but with the blood still flowing from his mouth and gashed nose. The two men leaped at each other like wild beasts. Gone was all their science. Too late they stood and stared, driving their fists against each other like battering rams. Both men were streaming with blood. The Kid hooked his left to Joe's jaw and the Californian went down. He was up in an instant and thrust himself on McCoy. Again Joe went down and rose quickly. The Kid staggered back from a slow and again plunging in shook Choynski with a right on the chin. McCoy came in again and met a right that floored him. This time the Kid stayed down six seconds. As he rose, the Kid sneered through the blood and gore and met Choynski with a left on the jaw that sent the Californian down for the count of seven. When he rose McCoy put left and right to the jaw, whirling Choynski around. Joe dropped up against the Kid and both went to the floor. The crowd had gone mad. Men were up on the seats yelling like fiends. Half a dozen fights started through the hall. A man in the gallery, a prominent merchant, dropped dead from the excitement.

### Blow That Put Choynski Out.

McCoy arose first and then Choynski, nearly unconscious, staggered to his feet. As they rushed at each other the bell rang out the end of the round. At the instant that the gong rang McCoy had started a hard right swing for Choynski's jaw. Whether he could not stop it or whether the wily Hoosier figured that the foul—if foul it was—could not be detected, is not known. The blow caught Choynski just as he

had dropped his hands at the sound of the gong, and knocked him flat on his back. Again pandemonium broke loose. The whole hall broke forth with hisses, catcalls, howls of disapproval and yells of "Foul!"

Choynski was dragged to his corner. His chief second, Owen Ziegler, walked out to Referee White and claimed a foul. They argued over it for nearly three-quarters of a minute, the referee refusing to allow the claim. Finally Ziegler went back to the corner and, stooping over, whispered in Choynski's ear. He had scarcely straightened up when Choynski, who had been sitting upright in his chair and rapidly recuperating, to all appearances, slumped down and fell to the floor. Although it looked suspiciously like an attempt to gain sympathy, it is just as likely that it was the after-effect of the blows he had received that made Choynski collapse. Five seconds after Joe fell to the floor the gong rang for the beginning of the fourth round. McCoy leaped from his corner. White called to Choynski to come out for the round. Choynski either could not or would not do so, and Referee White declared McCoy the winner.

This ended one of the fiercest, most exciting battles that New York fans ever witnessed. No other contest in this city has been so full of exciting, suspicious and innumerable doings as that one. For days sporting circles rang with charges of robbery and fake. Despite these there was no intentional injustice to either man, and the facts are as I have described them.

(The next chapter also deals with McCoy's career.)

### Eastern League Standing.

Club.	W.	L.	Club.	W.	L.
Baltimore.	25	14	714 Montreal.	23	22
Buffalo.	20	20	690 Jersey City.	19	23
Brooklyn.	22	21	540 Newark.	18	24
Buffalo.	23	21	522 Providence.	17	25

### Results of Yesterday's Games.

Newark-Jersey City game postponed. Baltimore, 1; Providence, 0.  
Brooklyn, 5; Toronto, 1.  
Montreal, 5; Buffalo, 1.

### Games Scheduled for To-Day.

Newark at Jersey City.  
Providence at Baltimore.  
Toronto at Brooklyn.  
Buffalo at Montreal.



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